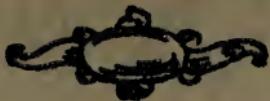


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Hiawatha Dramatized



By **KATHERINE S. NETZORG**
and
LUCETTA P. KELLENBARGER

Incidental Music by
HARRY CARLETON ELDRIDGE

A high-grade drama arranged from Longfellow's masterpiece, setting forth fully the vivid dramatic scenes participated in by the great Indian heroes. A superb entertainment for any occasion. Contains complete description of costumes, with illustrations, Indian music, complete stage directions, suggestions for decorating, and all other details necessary for a complete entertainment. Time, 1 hour.

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LEBANON, O.

HIAWATHA DRAMATIZED

Arranged in Eight Scenes for School Exhibitions

By KATHERINE S. NETZORG

and

LUCETTA P. KELLENBARGER

Provincial High School of Camarines, Philippines

INCIDENTAL MUSIC BY

HARRY C. ELDRIDGE

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Preface

The arrangement of *Hiawatha* which follows was originally planned for an entertainment given by the pupils of the Provincial High School of Nueva Cáceres, in recognition of the local feast day. It proved so popular that it was repeated three times. It is believed that it will prove equally suitable for use in American schools.

In several places it was necessary to insert lines to connect the passages from the poem. Considerable liberty has been taken in the arrangement of the lines, though it is hoped without altering the spirit of the original.

The Authors.

Characters

HIAWATHA, CHIEF OF THE OJIBWAY TRIBE.
HIAWATHA AS CHILD.
IAGO, A TRAVELER AND STORYTELLER.
ARROWMAKER OF THE DACOTAH TRIBE.
MUDJEKEEWIS, GOD OF THE WESTWIND.
MISSIONARY PRIEST.
CHIBIABOS, A SINGER.
KWASIND, A STRONG MAN.
PAUPUKKEEWIS, A DANCER.
NOKOMIS, GRANDMOTHER OF HIAWATHA.
MINNEHAHA, DAUGHTER OF ARROWMAKER.
INDIAN MEN.
INDIAN WOMEN.
TWO WHITE MEN, GUIDES OF PRIEST.

Hiawatha Entertainment

COSTUMES.

INDIAN MAN—Khaki trousers; moccasins; shirt of burlap or plain Japanese crepe (one and one-half yards) with or without belt or sash; gay blanket; headdress of feathers; strings of shells and beads; bracelets and armlets; tomahawk, bow and quiver of arrows. To make the shirt, double the crepe, folding the ends together; cut an opening to slip over the head, shape at sides like a kimono and close two side seams; slash cloth four or five inches deep at ends of short sleeves and bottom of shirt to form fringe; leave neck rough or draw up a little with drawstring. On each outside seam of trousers sew a double strip of brown crepe, slashed to make fringe. Hiawatha's costume should be more elaborate than the others.

INDIAN WOMAN—Fashion three yards of crepe into a simple kimono (as described for man's shirt) with slashed fringe; trim with borders of beadwork or feathers or strips of gay cloth; headband such as worn by girl scouts; beaded pouch; bracelets; strings of beads. Moccasins of leather or khaki with brown stockings of fringed khaki gaiters. Hair in two braids interwoven with gay ribbons. Older women may be swathed in blankets.

The costumes of both men and women should vary as much as possible in color and detail.

WATER DRAMATIZED.

MISSIONARY PRIEST—Long, plain black robe, hat with low round crown and stiff brim may be made of black tailor paper; gray hair (powdered); rosary, crucifix.

GUIDE—Flannel shirt, khaki trousers, puttees, felt hat.

MAKEUP.

Wash face with warm water and soap. Rinse with warm water, then cold. After drying carefully, apply cocoa butter, but do not make face greasy.

Soften Indian fleshtint stick and rub on forehead, cheeks, chin and nose, spreading the lines until the surface of the skin is evenly tinted. Do not go too close to eyelashes or over eyebrows. Spread also on neck, ears and under chin. Rub a round spot of carmine on each cheek, spreading it to blend with flesh-tint. Redden chin a bit and tips of ears. Paint lips, chiefly middle of upper and of lower lip.

With dark brown or black stick make clear lines about eyes close to roots of eyelashes, extending the lines beyond eye at outer corner, making the upper line longer than the lower and extending downward. Let eyebrows be black and straight, meeting over nose.

If warriors are to have figures painted on face, these should be made first with red, white or blue pencils, the fleshtint being put on around the figures. Wrinkles are lined in with dark pencil stick, a parallel line being made with lighter or gray stick. For pallor apply powder over makeup. Squaws should be lighter than warriors. For old men and women use gray paint about eyes; also on cheeks to make them appear hollow.

To remove makeup, take paint from ~~eyelashes and~~ from about eyes first; use greased cloth to ~~remove~~ paint. Several small soft cloths are best for this ~~purpose~~. Vaseline or any cold cream may be used to help remove the last traces of the paint.

DANCES.

The following lines will furnish suggestions for the costume and dance of Paupukkeewis:

On his head were plumes of swansdown.
On his heels were tails of foxes.
In one hand a fan of feathers,
And a pipe was in the other.

First he danced a solemn measure,
Very slow in step and gesture,
In and out among the pine trees
Treading softly like a panther.
Then more swiftly and still swifter
Whirling, spinning round in circles,
Leaping o'er the guests assembled,
Eddying round and round the wigwam,
Till the leaves went whirling with him.
On he sped with frenzied gestures,
Stamped upon the sand, and tossed it
Wildly in the air around him;
And, returning, sat down laughing
There among the guests assembled,
Sat and fanned himself serenely;
With his fan of turkey feathers.

HIAWATHA DRAMATIZED.

The Dance of the Braves—The squaws sit in a half circle, Minnehaha in the center. PART I—The Indian braves, each wearing a gay blanket, fall in line behind Hiawatha, who strikes the pitch, all joining in and chanting in unison; all march around in a circle, throwing the heels high. After twice around each brave halts before a squaw, chanting directly to her and lifting his heels in time to chant until Hiawatha stops, when all chanting and motion cease. Hiawatha gives a loud grunt and leads the next movement. Each part is concluded in the same manner. PART II—Striking a higher pitch, Hiawatha leads the braves, as before, each one lifting his knees high at every step. PART III—Striking a still higher pitch, Hiawatha flings his blanket on the ground and throwing up his head, chants yet more loudly, beating on his chest and lifting his knees high. Each brave follows his example.

MUSIC.

The two songs in Scene I, "Ewa-yea" and "Wah-wah-Taysee" may be found set to music on pages 29 and 53 respectively of the Hiawatha Primer. Price, 50 cents.

"Farewell, O Joyous Sunny Grove," No. 32 in the Abridged Academy Songbook, may be used for Hiawatha's farewell song in Scene VIII. Price, 90 cents.

These books may be ordered from March Brothers, Lebanon, Ohio. Other music mentioned will be found in this volume.

10c Hiawatha Primer is now 70c unbound,
in the Abridged Academy Song Book, 51.35 per copy.

SHAWATTA PRAMATIZED.

STAGE ARRANGEMENT—PROPERTIES

Scene I—Wood scene with trees in background. Wigwam near foreground at left. Near wigwam kettle hung from three poles with sticks of wood laid ready for fire. Logs covered with mica, and candles may be used; or electric light in red globe or covered with red paper concealed in sticks. Turn on light when Nokomis lights fire. Rushes and half-finished basket. Bearskin.

Scene II—Same as for Act I, adding wooden bowl and pestle and a skin and shell for scraping.

Scene III—Mountain background (curtains with painted mountains may be used); wood foreground. Campfire with fire glowing; near a large rock (made of bundle covered with stone-colored muslin).

Scene IV—As in Scene I.

Scene V—Wood scene, but wigwam slightly altered and at right. Before wigwam flat stone and arrows. In center of stage Minnehaha plaiting a straw mat with bundle of rushes lying on ground near. Concealed in wigwam should be wooden or rough earthen bowls of fish and rice and gourds of water.

Scene VI—As in Scene I. Guests assembled in gay attire.

Scene VII—Stage may represent interior of wigwam, decorated with branches of trees, skins, horns.

Minnehaha on bed of boughs. Or, a more elaborate setting might show a forest background with objects on ground covered with snow. (Cotton or white confetti may be used.) The wigwam a little to left of center with flaps pinned open. If the latter setting is used, when curtain rises, Nokomis should be in crouching position, wearily searching for something in snow; then she rises, shakes head in disappointment, enters wigwam and crouches dejectedly at head of Minnehaha's bed.

Scene VIII—As in Scene I. Strew branches in front of right background to represent shore of lake and to conceal lower part of canoe.

PLAN OF CANOE.

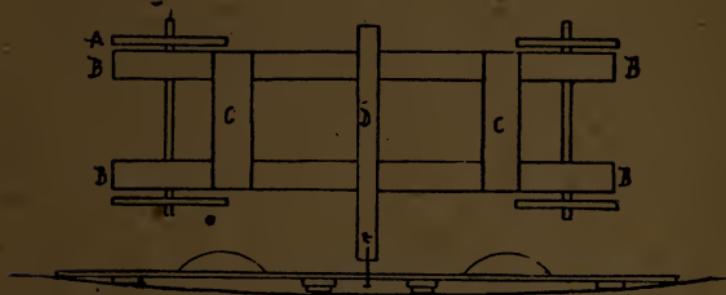


FIG 1—TOP VIEW

Figure 1. Two pairs of wheels from a small boy's wagon (a).

Two long boards to be laid from the axle of one pair of wheels to the axle of the other (b).

Two short boards to be laid across the long boards for seats.

One board across the middle of the frame (d).
A strong bolt in the end of this board (e) permits
the front frame to rock as upon a pivot



FIG 2 - SIDE VIEW

Figure 2. One long board to extend beyond the wheels at front and back of boat (a).

Crosspieces (c) and long pieces (d, e) serve to brace the framework and make a foundation for the paper covering.

Tough paper (f) covers frame upon side toward front of stage as shown by dotted lines.

Hang frontpiece, having the appearance of a canoe upon the bolt (e, Fig. 1). Priest and guides take seats and propel boat with feet. Hiawatha stands in boat, waving arms in farewell to people, while canoe is drawn off stage by rope attached to back pair of wheels.

Hiawatha Dramatized

Reader (before curtain).

Ye who love the haunts of Nature,
Love the sunshine of the meadow,
Love the shadow of the forest,
Love the wind among the branches,
And the rainshower and the snowstorm,
And the rushing of great rivers:
Listen to these wild traditions,
To this Song of Hiawatha!

Ye who love a nation's legends,
Love the ballads of a people,
That like voices from afar off
Call to us to pause and listen,
Speak in tones so plain and childlike,
Scarcely can the ear distinguish,
Whether they are sung or spoken:
Listen to this Indian legend,
To this Song of Hiawatha!

Ye whose hearts are fresh and simple,
Who believe that in all ages
Every human heart is human;

That in even savage bosoms
There are longings, yearnings, strivings
For the good they comprehend not:
Listen to this simple story,
To this Song of Hiawatha!

SCENE I.

HIAWATHA'S CHILDHOOD.

SCENE: Before a wigwam; Nokomis preparing rushes for weaving a basket; Little Hiawatha lying on bearskin rug.

Nokomis (singing).

Ewa-yea! my little owlet!
Who is this, that lights the wigwam?
With his great eyes lights the wigwam?
Ewa-yea! my little owlet!

Hiawatha (starting up, rubbing his eyes, pointing to rainbow).

Tell me, what is that, Nokomis?

Nokomis.

That is what men call the rainbow.
'Tis the heaven of flowers you see there;
All the wild flowers of the forest,

All the lilies of the prairie;
When on earth they fade and perish,
Blossom in that heaven above us.

(Nokomis rises; places hand above eyes and peers into distance. Enter Iagoo with bow and arrows in hand.)

Good Iagoo, you are welcome!
You, the marvelous storyteller,
You, the traveler and the talker,
You, the friend of old Nokomis.

Iagoo.

I have made a bow and arrows
As a gift for Hiawatha. (To Hiawatha.)
From a branch of ash the bow is,
From an oak bough are the arrows,
Tipped with flint and winged with feathers,
And the cord is made of deerskin.
Go, my son, into the forest,
Where the red deer herd together;
Kill for us a famous roebuck,
Kill for us a deer with antlers!

(Exit Hiawatha with bow. Iagoo seats himself on bearskin.)

(To Nokomis.)
Out of childhood into manhood

Soon will grow our Hiawatha,
Tall and straight as any arrow.
'Twas but yesterday you nursed him,
Rocked him in his linden cradle,
Bedded soft with moss and rushes;
Stilled his fretful wail by saying,
"Hush! the Naked Bear will get thee!"

Nokomis.

Were his mother here among us,
Here to see his strength and beauty,
Then, indeed, my joy were perfect.

Iagoo.

Well I mind me of your daughter,
She, the winsome, fair Wenonah.
How she grew up like the lilies,
Grew a tall and slender maiden,
With the beauty of the moonlight,
With the beauty of the starlight.

Nokomis.

Often did I speak in warning,
Saying oft, and oft repeating,
"O beware of Mudjekeewis,
Of the Westwind, Mudjekeewis:
Listen not to what he tells you;

Lie not down upon the meadow;
Stoop not down among the lilies,
Lest the Westwind come and harm you!"
But she heeded not the warning,
Heeded not those words of wisdom;
And the Westwind came at evening,
Found the beautiful Wenonah
Lying there among the lilies,
Wooed her with his words of sweetness,
Wooed her with his soft caresses,
Till she bore a son in sorrow,
Bore a son of love and sorrow.

Iagoo.

But the daughter of Nokomis,
Hiawatha's gentle mother,
In her anguish died deserted
By the Westwind, false and faithless,
By the heartless Mudjekeewis.

Nokomis.

For my daughter, long and loudly
Wailed and wept the sad Nokomis;
"O that I were dead!" I wailed then;
"O that I were dead, as thou art!
No more work, and no more weeping."
O Iagoo! O Iagoo! (Weeping.)

Iagoo.

But our little Hiawatha,
He shall be a child of wonder.
Only ponder how already
He doth know the fields and forest;
Knows of every bird its language,
All their names and all their secrets;
How they build their nests in summer,
Where they hide themselves in winter;
Talks with them where'er he meets them;
Calls them Hiawatha's chickens.

Nokomis.

Of all beasts he knows the language,
Knows their names and all their secrets;
How the beavers build their lodges,
Where the squirrels hide their acorns;
Talks with them where'er he meets them;
Calls them Hiawatha's brothers.

(Enter Hiawatha.)

Hiawatha.

Listen to me, old Nokomis,
And you also, friend Iagoo.
Listen to the tale I tell you,
How I walked into the forest
And the birds sang round me, o'er me,

"Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!"
Sang the Opechee, the robin,
Sang the bluebird, the Owaissa,
"Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!"
Up the oak tree close beside me,
Sprang the squirrel Adjidaumo,
In and out among the branches,
Coughed and chattered from the oak tree,
Laughed, and said between his laughing,
"Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!"
And the rabbit from his pathway
Leaped aside, and at a distance
Sat erect upon his haunches,
Half in fear and half in frolic,
Saying to the little hunter,
"Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!"
But my thoughts were with the red deer;
For I know I need but shoot one
With the young men to be counted,
To be numbered with the warriors.

lagoo.

Bravely spoken, Hiawatha,
And tomorrow I will teach you
How to shoot and kill the red deer.
I must leave you now, Nokomis.

Nokomis.

Farewell, then, until the morrow. (Exit Iago.)

(Stage slowly darkens.)

Hiawatha (pointing to rising moon and whispering): What is that, dear old Nokomis?

Nokomis (smiling). Once a warrior, very angry. Seized his grandmother, and threw her Up into the sky at midnight; Right against the moon he threw her; 'Tis her body that you see there.

(Sound of owl hooting from background.)

Hiawatha (in terror). What is, what is that, Nokomis?

Nokomis.

That is but the owl and owlet, Talking in their native language, Talking, scolding at each other.

(Nokomis lights fire and busies herself with supper.)

Hiawatha (pointing to firefly, sings drowsily). See the firefly, old Nokomis, Flitting through the dusk of evening, With the twinkle of its candle Lighting up the brakes and bushes.

(Sings.)

Wah-wah-taysee, little firefly,
Little, flitting, white-fire insect,
Little, dancing, white-fire creature,
Light me with your little candle,
Ere upon my bed I lay me,
Ere in sleep I close my eyelids !

Curtain.

SCENE II.

ADOPTION OF HIAWATHA INTO TRIBE.

Scene: Before wigwam; Nokomis pounding corn; appears restless and pauses to gaze off to left as if watching for someone's return.

Nokomis.

Out of childhood into manhood
Now has grown my Hiawatha,
Skilled in all the craft of hunters,
In all youthful sports and pastimes,
In all manly arts and labors.

(Enter Iagoo.)

How my Hiawatha tarries!
Comes not home unto the wigwam!

Iagoo.

"Twas this morning that I charged him,
"Go, my son, into the forest,
Where the red deer herd together;
Kill for us a famous roebuck,
Kill for us a deer with antlers!"

Nokomis (seating herself by a skin which she scrapes with a shell while speaking).

Swift of foot is Hiawatha!
He can shoot an arrow from him,
And run forward with such fleetness,
That the arrow falls behind him!
Strong of arm is Hiawatha;
He can shoot ten arrows upward,
Shoot them with such strength and swiftness,
Iagoo (springing to feet and interrupting in excitement).

There behold him now returning!
See! a burden he is bringing!

(Enter Hiawatha, bearing a deer upon his shoulders.)

Hia-watha.

Here, Iagoo, is thy roebuck;
Now into the tribe I enter.
Forth into the forest proudly
Walked I with my bow and arrow.
All my thoughts were with the red deer,
On their tracks my eyes were fastened,
Leading downward to the river,
To the ford across the river,
And as one in slumber walked I.
Hidden in the alder bushes,
There I waited till the deer came,
Till I saw two antlers lifted,
Saw two nostrils point to windward,
And a deer came down the pathway;
And my heart within me fluttered,
Trembled like the leaves above me,
Like the birch leaves palpitated.
Then upon one knee uprising,
Straight at him I aimed the arrow;
Scarce a twig moved with my motion,
Scarce a leaf was stirred or rustled;
But the wary roebuck started,
Listened with one foot uplifted,
Leaped as if to meet the arrow,
Leaped with all his feet together.

Ah! The singing, fatal arrow!
Like a wasp it buzzed and stung him!
Dead he lay there in the forest,
By the ford across the river.
Beat his timid heart no longer;
But the heart of Hiawatha
Throbbed and shouted and exulted!
So I bore the red deer homeward
To Iagoo and Nokomis.

Nokomis.

From the skin a shirt I'll make you,
And a banquet from the deer's meat.

Iagoo.

To the feast will come the village;
All the guests tonight will praise you,
Call you warrior; name you Strongheart.

Curtain.

SCENE III.

HIAWATHA AND MUDJEKEEWIS.

Reader (before the curtain).

Much did Hiawatha question,
Asking oft of old Nokomis
Of his father Mudjekeewis;

Learned from her the fatal secret
Of the beauty of his mother,
Of the falsehood of his father;
And his heart was hot within him,
Like a living coal his heart was.

Then he said to old Nokomis,
"I will go to Mudjekeewis,
See how fares it with my father,
At the doorways of the Westwind,
At the portals of the sunset!"

Warning, said the old Nokomis,
"Go not forth, O Hiawatha!
To the kingdom of the Westwind,
To the realms of Mudjekeewis,
Lest he harm you with his magic,
Lest he kill you with his cunning!"

But the fearless Hiawatha
Heeded not her woman's warning,
Forth he strode into the forest,
At each stride a mile he measured.
Lurid seemed the sky above him,
Hot and close the air around him,
Filled with smoke and fiery vapors,
As of burning woods and prairies,
For his heart was hot within him,
Like a living coal his heart was.

(Curtain opens. Mudjekeewis seated on rock smoking. Enter Hiawatha, who looks with awe at Mudjekeewis and his long hair. Mudjekeewis recognizes son suddenly and face lights up with joy.)

Mudjekeewis.

Welcome! O my Hiawatha,
To the kingdom of the Westwind!
Long have I been waiting for you!
Youth is lovely, age is lonely,
Youth is fiery, age is frosty;
You bring back the days departed.

Hiawatha.

Many miles I've journeyed westward,
Left the fleetest deer behind me,
Crossed the mighty Mississippi,
Came unto the Rocky Mountains
To the kingdom of the Westwind,
To my father's kingdom, came I.

Mudjekeewis.

Hearken to me, Hiawatha,
Many a tale have I to tell you
Of my perilous adventures,
My indomitable courage,
And invulnerable body.

Hiawatha.

Tell me, father, mighty Westwind,
How you stole the Belt of Wampum
From the Great Bear of the mountains,
From the terror of the nations.

Mudjekeewis.

As he lay asleep and cumbrous
On the summit of the mountains,
Silently I stole upon him,
Till the red nails of the monster
Almost touched me, almost scared me,
Till the hot breath of his nostrils
Warmed the hands of Mudjekeewis,
As I drew the Belt of Wampum
Over the round ears, that heard not,
Over the small eyes, that saw not,
Over the long nose and nostrils,
Out of which the heavy breathing
Warmed the hands of Mudjekeewis.
Then I swung aloft my war club (flourishing
war club),
Smote the mighty Mishemokwa
In the middle of the forehead,
Right between the eyes I smote him!

Hiaawatha.

Bravely done, O Mudjekeewis!

Mudjekeewis.

With the heavy blow bewildered,
Rose the Great Bear of the mountains ;
But his knees beneath him trembled,
And he whimpered like a woman,
As he reeled and staggered forward.
Fearlessly I stood before him,
Taunted him in loud derision,
Spake disdainfully in this wise :
"Hark you, Bear ! you are a coward,
And no Brave, as you pretended ;
Else you would not cry and whimper
Like a miserable woman !
Bear ! you know our tribes are hostile,
Long have been at war together ;
Now you find that we are strongest,
You go sneaking in the forest,
You go hiding in the mountains !
Had you conquered me in battle
Not a groan would I have uttered ;
But you, Bear, sit here and whimper,
Like a cowardly old woman !"
Then again I raised my war club,
Smote again the Mishemokwa

In the middle of his forehead,
Broke his skull, as ice is broken,
When one goes to fish in winter.
Thus was slain the Mishemokwa,
He, the Great Bear of the mountains,
He, the terror of the nations.

Hiawatha.

Honor be to Mudjekeewis!
Is there nothing that can harm you?
Nothing that you are afraid of?

Mudjekeewis.

There is nothing, Hiawatha!
Is there nothing that can harm you?
Anything you are afraid of?

Hiawatha.

There is nothing, O my father!

Mudjekeewis.

As I sit and gaze upon you,
You bring back my youth of passion,
And the beautiful Wenonah.

Hiawatha (springing up in sudden anger and
glaring at Mudjekeewis, who looks startled).

It was you who killed Wenonah,
Took her young life and her beauty,
Broke the Lily of the Prairie,
Trampled it beneath your footsteps;

(Mudjekeewis bows head in silence.)

You confess it! You confess it!
All my heart is hot within me,

(Mudjekeewis rises.)

Like a living coal my heart is.
I will kill you and avenge her.

(Long struggle between Mudjekeewis and Hiawatha. At length Mudjekeewis flings Hiawatha from him.)

Mudjekeewis.

Hold! my son, my Hiawatha!
'Tis impossible to kill me,
For you can not kill the immortal.
I have put you to this trial,
But to know and prove your courage.
Go back to your home and people,
Live among them, toil among them,
Cleanse the earth from all that harms it,
Clear the fishing-grounds and rivers,
Slay all monsters and magicians,

As I slew the Mishemokwa;
And at last when Death draws near you,
Glares upon you in the darkness,
I shall share my kingdom with you;
Ruler shall you be thenceforward
Of the Northwestwind, the homewind.

Curtain.

SCENE IV.

HIAWATHA STARTS ON HIS WOOING.

Scene: Hiawatha with bow standing idly
before wigwam.

Hiawatha (absently toying with bow).

As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto the man is woman,
Though she bends him, she obeys him,
Though she draws him, yet she follows;
Useless each without the other!

(Sighing dreamily.)

Thus I dream of Minnehaha,

(Enter Nokomis from wigwam, gazing sadly at
Hiawatha.)

Of the lovely Laughing Water.
In the land of the Dacotahs.

Nokomis (stepping forward slowly and tapping Hiawatha on shoulder).

Wed a maiden of your people!
Go not eastward, go not westward,
For a stranger whom we know not!
Like a fire upon the hearthstone
Is a neighbor's homely daughter;
Like the starlight or the moonlight
Is the handsomest of strangers!

Hiawatha.

O Nokomis, dear grandmother,
Very pleasant is the firelight,
But I like the starlight better,
Better do I like the moonlight!

Nokomis (gravely).

Bring not here an idle maiden,
Bring not here a useless woman,
Hands unskillful, feet unwilling;
Bring a wife with nimble fingers,
Heart and hands that move together,
Feet that run on willing errands!

Hiawatha (smiling).

In the land of the Dacotahs
Lives the Arrowmaker's daughter,

Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Handsomest of all the women.
I will bring her to your wigwam;
She shall run upon your errands,
Be your starlight, moonlight, firelight,
Be the sunlight of my people!

Nokomis (with hands extended in pleading).

Bring not to my lodge a stranger
From the land of the Dacotahs!
Very fierce are the Dacotahs,
Often is there war between us.
There are feuds yet unforgotten;
Wounds that ache and still may open!

Hiawatha (laughing, and placing hand affectionately on shoulder of *Nokomis*).

For that reason if no other,
Would I wed the fair Dacotah;
That our tribes may be united,
That old feuds may be forgotten,
And old wounds be healed forever!

Nokomis (yielding).

Go then! speed thee on thy wooing.

Curtain.

SCENE V.

THE WOOING.

Scene: Minnehaha crooning and weaving mat. Enter from wigwam Arrowmaker and seats himself by stone to shape arrow heads.

Arrowmaker.

I am thinking as I sit here
Of the days when with such arrows
I once struck the deer and bison,
Shot the wild goose flying southward;
Thinking of the great war parties,
How they came to buy my arrows,
Could not fight without my arrows.
Ah, no more such noble warriors
Can be found on earth as they were,
Now, the men are all like women,
Only use their tongues for weapons! (Shapes
an arrowhead.)

Minnehaha.

Father, do you mind the hunter
From another tribe and country,
Young and tall and very handsome,
Who one morning in the springtime

Came to buy the famous arrows,
Sat and rested in the wigwam,
Lingered long about the doorway,
Looking back as he departed?

Arrowmaker.

Well I mind me of the hunter,
From the land of the Ojibways!
Great his courage and his wisdom!

Minnehaha (aside, dreamily).

Will he come again for arrows
To the Falls of Minnehaha?

(Enter Hiawatha with deer.)

Arrowmaker (looks up gravely, rises and extends hands of welcome, which Hiawatha accepts).

Hiawatha, you are welcome!

(Hiawatha casts deer before Minnehaha.)

Minnehaha (with welcoming smile).

You are welcome, Hiawatha!

Arrowmaker.

As we sat here by the doorway,
We were speaking of the hunter
From the land of the Ojibways,
Speaking of you, Hiawatha.

(Both men seat themselves, smoke peace pipes, exchange, and smoke again.)

Minnehaha (aside).

Has he come for arrows only,
To the Falls* of Minnehaha?

(Minnehaha passes in and out of wigwam, serving men with bowls of food, watches them in silence, listening as one in dream.)

Hiawatha.

In the land of the Ojibways
Have I left my old grandmother.
She has been from early childhood
Both my mother and my father.
She it was who reared and taught me;
Led my childish footsteps onward.

Arrowmaker.

Minnehaha has no mother.
I have been her guide and teacher;
And for friend she has no other.

Hiawatha.

Two good friends I left behind me,
Chibiabos, the sweet singer,
And the very strong man, Kwasind.

Arrowmaker.

I have heard it told, the young men,
As they sported in the meadow,
Said unto the lazy Kwasind,
"Why stand idly looking at us,
Leaning on the rock behind you?
Come and wrestle with the others,
Let us pitch the quoit together!"
Lazy Kwasind made no answer,
To their challenge made no answer,
Only rose, and slowly turning,
Seized the huge rock in his fingers,
Tore it from its deep foundation,
Poised it in the air a moment,
Pitched it sheer into the river,
Where it still is seen in summer.

Hiawatha.

For his very strength I love him,
For his strength allied to goodness.
But I love best Chibiabos,
He, the best of all musicians,
He, the sweetest of all singers!
Beautiful and childlike is he,
Brave as man is, soft as woman;
For his gentleness I love him,

And the magic of his singing.
When he sings the village listens,
All the warriors gather round him,
All the women come to hear him;
Now he stirs their souls to passion,
Now he melts their hearts to pity.

After many years of warfare,
Many years of strife and bloodshed,
There is peace between the Ojibways
And the tribe of the Dacotahs.
That this peace may last forever,
And our hands be clasped more closely,
And our hearts be more united,
Give me as my wife this maiden,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Loveliest of Dacotah women!

(Arrowmaker reflects, smoking in silence,
looks fondly at Minnehaha and proudly at
Hiawatha.)

Arrowmaker (hesitating).
Yes, if Minnehaha wishes.
Let your heart speak, Minnehaha.

Minnehaha (rising and moving in hesitation
toward Hiawatha).

I will follow you, my husband!

(Gives one hand to Hiawatha and extends other to Arrowmaker, who comes forward.)

O my father, I must leave thee,
For my heart is in his keeping,
Ever fondly in the future
Will I dwell upon my childhood
And the days with you, my father!
Fare thee well, for I must leave thee.

Hiawatha.

When the days seem long and lonely,
Come unto my land and people;
Dwell there with thy son and daughter.
Fare thee well, good Arrowmaker!

Arrowmaker.

Fare thee well, my son and daughter!

(Lifts arms in prayer, Hiawatha and Minnehaha standing with bowed heads.)

Gitche Manito the Mighty,
Guide my children as they journey!
Send them love and peace and plenty!

(Exit Hiawatha and Minnehaha.)

Thus it is our daughters leave us,
Those we love, and those who love us!
Just when they have learned to help us,
When we are old and lean upon them,
Comes a youth with flaunting feathers,
With his flute of reeds, a stranger
Wanders piping through the village,
Beckons to the fairest maiden,
And she follows where he leads her,
Leaving all things for the stranger!

Curtain.

SCENE VI.

THE WEDDING FEAST.

Scene: Indian men and women assembled
before wigwam. Enter Hiawatha and
Minnehaha.

Hiawatha.

I have brought with me this maiden,
Brought the sunlight of my people,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Handsomest of all the women
In the land of the Dacotahs,
In the land of handsome women.

Nokomis.

You are welcome, Minnehaha,
Welcome to this lodge and people.

WELCOME.

Chorus of Indians.

Sheet music for the Chorus of Indians, featuring three staves of music and lyrics.

The music is in 3/4 time, key of G major (two sharps). The first two staves are in treble clef, and the third staff is in bass clef.

The lyrics are:

You are wel - come, Min - ne - ha - ha,
Wel - come to this lodge and peo - ple.

Repeat if desired.

Iagoo.

Laughing Water, you are welcome,
To the land of the Ojibways,
To this pleasant land and peaceful!

Young Braves.

Welcome homeward, Hiawatha!

Young Squaws.

And the maiden, Minnehaha!

(Men dance, Nokomis fills pipes from big
bag of tobacco, handing them to men.)

DANCE OF THE BRAVES.

(Part of "Omaha Dance Song.")

(See suggestions for dance.)

Ni - ka wi - ta wa - gun - dha ti - be - no,

Ni - ka wi - ta wa - gun - dha ti - be - no,

Ni - ka wi - ta wa - gun-dha ti - be - no.

First Squaw.

Sing to us, O Chibiabos!

Second Squaw.

Songs of love and songs of longing.

Third Squaw.

That the feast may be more joyous.

Fourth Squaw.

That the time may pass more gaily,
And the guests be more contented!

Chibiabos (singing).

Onaway! Awake, beloved!

Thou the wildflower of the forest!

Thou the wildbird of the prairie!

If thou only lookest at me,

I am happy, I am happy,

As the lilies of the prairie

When they feel the dew upon them.

Chibiabos.

LOVE SONG.

On - a - way, a - wake, be - lov - ed,
 If thou on - ly look - est at me,

Thou the wild - flow'r of the for - est,
 I am hap - py, I am hap - py,

Thou the wild-bird of the prai - rie; ..
 As the lil - ies of the prai - rie, ..

After Repeat.

When they feel the dew up - on them.

Kwasind.

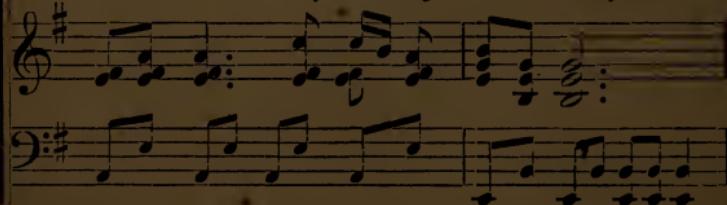
That the feast may be more joyous
Dance for us, good Paupukkeewis.

Chibiabos.

Dance the beggar's dance to please us.

(Paupukkeewis dances. After dancing, Paupukkeewis sits down, fanning himself.
Enter Iagoo.)

MUSIC FOR DANCE OF PAUPUKKEEWIS.

Begin slowly, and gradually increase tempo as dance proceeds.*D. C. al Fine for ending when dance is finished.*

First Brave.

Here's Iagoo come among us!
Tell us of some strange adventure.

Second Brave.

Tell us now a tale of wonders.

Third Brave.

That the feast may be more joyous.

Fourth Brave.

That the time may pass more gaily,

Fifth Brave.

And the guests be more contented!

Iagoo.

You shall hear a tale of wonder!
You shall hear the strange adventures
Of Osseo, the magician,
From the Evening Star descended.

Kwasind.

But however strange the adventures
Of Osseo, the magician,
Our Iagoo has met stranger. (Laughter.)

Paupukkeewis.

Never any deed of daring
But himself has done a bolder.

First Squaw.

No one ever shot an arrow
Half so far and high as he has.

Second Squaw.

Ever caught so many fishes.

Third Squaw.

Ever killed so many reindeer.

Fourth Squaw.

Ever trapped so many beaver.

First Brave.

None can run so fast as he can.

Second Brave.

None can dive so deep as he can.

Third Brave.

None has made so many journeys.

Fourth Brave.

None has seen so many wonders,
As this wonderful Iagoo,
As this marvelous storyteller! (Laughter.)

lagoo.

In the Northland lived a hunter,
With ten young and comely daughters.
Only Oweenee, the youngest,
Was the fairest of the sisters.
All these women married warriors;
Only Oweenee, the wilful,
Laughed and flouted all her lovers,
All her young and handsome suitors,
And then married old Osseo,
Old Osseo, poor and ugly,
Broken with age and weak with coughing,
Always coughing like a squirrel. (Imitates
coughing.)
Ah, but beautiful within him
Was the spirit of Osseo.
And her lovers, the rejected,
Handsome men with paint and feathers,
Pointed at her in derision.
But she said: "I care not for you,
I am happy with Osseo!"
Once to some great feast invited,
Walked the sisters with their husbands;
Slowly followed old Osseo,
With fair Oweenee beside him;
"Listen!" said the eldest sister,

"What a pity that the old man
Does not break his neck by falling."
And they laughed till all the forest
Rang with their unseemly laughter.
On their pathway through the woodlands
Lay the great trunk of an oak tree;
And Osseo when he saw it
Leaped into its yawning cavern.
At one end went in an old man,
Wasted, wrinkled, old and ugly;
From the other came a young man,
Tall and straight and strong and handsome.
Thus Osseo was transfigured,
But alas! for good Osseo,
And for Oweenee, the faithful!
Strangely, too, was she transfigured,
Changed into a weak old woman,
And the sisters and their husbands
Laughed until the echoing forest
Rang with their unseemly laughter.
But Osseo turned not from her,
Walked with slower step beside her.
Then a voice came from the heavens:
"O my son, my best beloved!
Broken are the spells that bound you!"
Then Osseo saw the sisters,
All the sisters and their husbands,

Changed to birds of various plumage.
Only Oweenee, the youngest,
Was not changed, but walked in silence,
Wasted, wrinkled, old and ugly;
Till Osseo, gazing upward,
Gave another cry of anguish.
Then returned her youth and beauty.
And a voice came: "O Osseo!
I have had compassion on you,
Given you back your youth and beauty.
Into birds of various plumage
Changed your sisters and their husbands;
Changed them thus because they mocked you
In the figure of the old man.
Only Oweenee, the faithful,
Saw your youthful heart and loved you."

(Rising.)

There are great men, I have known such,
Whom their people understand not,
Whom they even make a jest of.
From the story of Osseo
Let us learn the fate of jesters!

First Brave.

Does he mean himself, I wonder?

First Squaw.

And are we the wives and husbands?

Nokomis.

Sing once more, O Chibiabos,
That the feast may end in gladness.

Chibiabos (sings).

(Sing to tune "Onaway, awake, beloved,"
repeating words as indicated.)

|:When I think of my beloved,
Ah me! think of my beloved
When my heart is thinking of him,:|
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!

SCENE VII.

THE FAMINE.

Reader (before curtain).

O the long and dreary winter!
O the cold and cruel winter!
Ever thicker, thicker, thicker
Froze the ice on lake and river,
Ever deeper, deeper, deeper
Fell the snow o'er all the landscape,
Fell the covering snow and drifted
Through the forest, round the village.
Hardly from his buried wigwam
Could the hunter force a passage;
Vainly walked he through the forest,

Sought for birds or beast and found none;
Saw no track of deer or rabbit,
In the snow beheld no footprint,
In the ghastly, gleaming forest
Fell, and could not rise from weakness,
Perished there from cold and hunger.
O the famine and the fever!
O the wasting of the famine!
O the blasting of the fever!
O the wailing of the children!
O the anguish of the women!
All the earth was sick and famished.
Into Hiawatha's wigwam
Came two silent guests and gloomy,
Waited not to be invited,
Did not parley at the doorway,
Sat there without word of welcome
In the seat of Laughing Water;
Looked with haggard eyes and hollow
At the face of Laughing Water.
And the foremost said: "Behold me!
I am Famine, Bukadawin!"
And the other said: "Behold me!
I am Fever, Ahkosewin!"
And the lovely Minnehaha
Shuddered as they looked upon her,
Shuddered at the words they uttered,

Lay upon her bed in silence,
Hid her face, but made no answer;
Lay there trembling, freezing, burning
At the looks they cast upon her,
At the fearful words they uttered.

Curtain opens.

Scene: Minnehaha lying sick of fever; No-komis huddled close to her head; Hiawatha crouched with bowed head at her feet. Two white figures enter slowly and noiselessly and stand in background. Hiawatha rises.

Hiawatha.

Gitche Manitou, the Mighty!
Give your children food, O father!
Give us food, or we must perish!
Give me food for Minnehaha,
For my dying Minnehaha!

(Seizes bow and quiver and rushes out.)

(Minnehaha, tossing restlessly in high fever, catches sight of ghosts, shudders and hides face. Half sitting up, shivers and gazes at ghosts, then falls back and covers face.)

Minnehaha (rising on elbow).

Hark! Oh, hark! I hear a rushing,
Hear a roaring and a rushing,
Hear the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to me from a distance!

Nokomis (soothingly).

No, my child! Lie down in quiet,
'Tis the night wind in the pine trees!

Minnehaha (rising on elbow).

Look! I seek my father standing,
Standing lonely at his doorway,
Beckoning to me from his wigwam
In the land of the Dacotahs!

Nokomis (stroking Minnehaha's hair).

No, my child! you are mistaken,
'Tis the smoke that waves and beckons!

Minnehaha (rising on elbow).

Ah! the eyes of the Death Spirit
Glare upon me in the darkness;
I can feel his icy fingers
Clasping mine amid the darkness!
Hiawatha! Hiawatha! (Falls back dead.)

Nokomis (swaying body and wailing)

Wahonowin! Wahonowin!
 Would that I had perished for you.
 Would that I were dead as you are!
 Wahonowin! Wahonowin!
 Wahonowin! Wahonowin!

MUSIC FOR NOKOMIS' LAMENT.

The musical score consists of three staves of notation. The top staff is in treble clef, 3/4 time, and A major (no sharps or flats). It features a continuous eighth-note pattern. The middle staff is in bass clef, 3/4 time, and A major. It also features a continuous eighth-note pattern. The bottom staff is in bass clef, 3/4 time, and A major. It features a continuous eighth-note pattern. The notation is consistent across all three staves, creating a harmonic and rhythmic unity.

(White figures steal out. Hiawatha enters, empty-handed, looks at Minnehaha, cries out in anguish and falls at her feet, bowing his head in grief. Presently rises and gazes at Minnehaha's face.)

Hiawatha.

Oh, my lovely Minnehaha,
Lying cold and dead before me!
Oh, my heart is bursting in me!
Ah, those willing feet now never
More will lightly run to meet me,
Never more will lightly follow.

(Turning away.)

While today I trod the forest,
Drear and melancholy forest,
I bethought me how I wooed her
In the pleasant days of summer,
Of that ne'er-forgotten summer,
When I brought my young wife homeward
From the land of the Dacotahs,
When the birds sang in the thickets,
And the streamlets laughed and glistened,
And the air was full of fragrance,
And the lovely Laughing Water
Said with voice that did not tremble,
"I will follow you, my husband!"

(Pauses and gazes at Minnehaha.)

Farewell! Farewell, Minnehaha!
Farewell, O my Laughing Water!
All my heart is buried with you,
All my thoughts go onward with you.
Come not back again to labor,
Come not back again to suffer,
Where the Famine and the Fever
Wear the heart and waste the body!
Soon my task will be completed,
Soon your footsteps I shall follow
To the Islands of the Blessed,
To the Land of the Hereafter!

Curtain.

SCENE VIII.

THE COMING OF THE WHITE MEN AND HIAWATHA'S DEPARTURE.

Scene: Wigwam on left. Lake in background on right. Indians of village, Iagoo, Hia-watha and Nokomis.

Iagoo.

Hear me! I have seen a water,
Bigger than the Big-Sea-Water,
Bitter so that none can drink it!

People.

Ugh! It is indeed Iagoo!
No one else beholds such wonders!

Young Braves (smiling).

No, indeed, it can not be so!

Squaws.

Kaw! O, no! It can not be so!

Iagoo.

O'er it, o'er this bitter water
A canoe with wings came flying,
Taller than the tallest treetops!

Squaws.

Kaw! Indeed, we don't believe it!

Young Braves.

Kaw! What marvelous tales you tell us!

Iagoo.

In it came a hundred warriors
In the great canoe with pinions;
Painted white were all their faces
And with hair their chins were covered!

People.

Kaw! What curious lies you tell us!
Do not think that we believe them!

(People laugh; Hiawatha, rising with a deprecating gesture.)

Hiawatha.

True is all Iagoo tells us;
I have seen it in a vision,
Seen the great canoe with pinions,
Seen the people with white faces,
Seen the coming of the bearded
People of the wooden vessel.
Gitche Manito, the Mighty,
Sends them hither on his errand,
Sends them to us with his message.
Let us welcome, then, the strangers,
Hail them as our friends and brothers.
I beheld, too, in that vision,
All the secrets of the future;
All the land was full of people,
Restless, struggling, toiling, striving,
Speaking many tongues yet feeling
But one heartbeat in their bosoms,
In the woodlands rang their axes,
Smiled their towns in all the valleys.

I beheld our nation scattered,
All forgetful of my counsels,
Weakened, warring with each other.

(Hiawatha sees boat approaching; walks to lake and gazes. To people.)

Even now they are approaching,
Coming to your shores, my people.
Now at last the time draws near me,
When I leave my tribe beloved,
Leave my people to these teachers,
Who of love and faith will teach them.

(Canoe gradually approaches with priest and two guides. Hiawatha stands with hands extended in welcome. People gaze in wonder as strangers enter.)

Hiawatha.

Beautiful is the sun, O strangers,
When you come so far to see us!
All our town in peace awaits you,
All our doors stand open for you.

Priest (making sign of cross).

Peace be with you, Hiawatha,
Peace be with you and your people,
Peace of prayer and peace of pardon,
Peace of Christ and joy of Mary!

(Squaws withdraw. Indians sit in circle, smoke the peace pipe in turn and make tribal gestures.)

First Brave.

It is well and good, O brothers,
That you come so far to see us!

Second Brave.

It is well and good, O brothers,
That you come so far to see us!

Priest (rising).

I have brought to you a message,
I have come upon a mission
Through the forest, o'er the water
I have come to teach this people
Of the Blessed Virgin Mary
And her Blessed Son, the Saviour,
How in distant lands and ages
He once lived on earth as we do;
How he fasted, prayed, and laboured;
How the Jews, the tribe accursed,
Mocked him, scourged him, crucified him;
How he rose from where they laid him,
Walked again with his disciples,
And ascended into heaven.
Much of love I have to teach you.

First Brave.

We have listened to your message.

Second Brave.

We have heard your words of wisdom.

Third Brave.

We will think on what you tell us.

Fourth Brave.

It is well for us, O brothers,
That you come so far to see us!

Hiawatha (rising and lifting flap of wigwam).

You are weary with your travel,
Come and rest you here, my brothers.

(Priest and guides enter wigwam.)

Go and call the youths and maidens,

(Exit Messenger.)

For I feel my hour approaching,
Comes the time when I must leave you.

(Indians enter one by one. *Hiawatha* turns
to *Nokomis*.)

I am going, O Nokomis,
On a long and distant journey,
To the portals of the sunset,
To the regions of the homewind;
But these guests I leave behind me.
See that never harm comes near them,
Never want of food or shelter,
In the lodge of Hiawatha.

(Hiawatha turns to people.)

I am going, O my people,
On a long and distant journey;
But my guests I leave behind me:
In your watch and ward I leave them;
See that never fear molests them,
Never danger nor suspicion;
Listen to their words of wisdom,
Listen to the truth they tell you,
For the Master of Life has sent them
From the land of light and morning.

(Goes toward canoe.)

Fare ye well, my tribe beloved,
I am going westward, westward.

(Sings farewell song, steps into canoe, which
passes slowly out of sight.)

Chibiabos.

Farewell, O our Hiawatha!
Farewell, O farewell, forever!

All.

Farewell! O farewell, forever!

Curtain.

